TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1883.

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AT REST. RT MAN, C. H. N. THOMA Within the consecrated place, where good And loyal Catholics are laid to rest. Neath marble tablet or rude cross of wood. Alike with folded hands and pulseless bre

Choice Loetry.

- I found a long, low mound, e expressed with grass, With furth of pink each side, in formal row, And, at the bess and foot, a cleared mass Of great June roses, red and white, a blow.
- And on the cross I read the carved name Of one whom I had known in other years; A weary woman, all "unknown to fatue," Who are her treed in bitterness and tears.
- An exile from her mattre land, she pined.
 With dense less longing for her own "green isle
 Hopsing, through weary eneet, her love to find.
 Tet booking lock, like Let's wife, all the while
- Carest and poverty her husband drove A better fortune on our shores to seek; His mis spelled letters little held suve lete; She wanted bread, and her stout heart grew weak.
- She chaped her children in her arms, at length, With courage, been of love and of despair. Nevring hereoif with desperation's strength. The unknown perits of the sea to date.
- Bravely the ship sped on, day after day,
 Till one fair mera they reached the goal long sought
 And up and down they went their weary way.
 And hand to kand the wolf of hunger fought.
- With "hope deferred" her woman's heart grew sick: A stranger in a stranger's land was she. Why came he not? Her bears fell fast und thick. Was it for this she crossed the mounting sen?
- Hard work and scamly fare her let was still. In the new home her children grew and the And day by day her set tasks to faifill. In weakness and in weariness she street.
- Till mortal sickness seized the feeble frame. And the good priest was summened in her need. With pitying syes and grath step he came. And to her plaint gave loving care and heed.
- Your name?" and as she nurmured, faint and weak. "My daughter, I have tidings," quickly said.

 Among the living then dest value seek.

 For one long resting with the adent dead.
- In a great hospital I stood by him.

 And gave him absolution, full and free.
 His name was thine. With words confused
 He told the tale that then band to be
- She chaped her hands, as one who findedh test. When years of doubt and of suspense are o'er With faith in God and in her husband blost. She turned, as one sunbest, and asked no nece
- But waited calmiy for her glad release. Slipping her resery through fingers with A saint and martyr, resumed with per and Instead of earth's despised and outcast o
- The bruised feet trend no more life's weary way. Sorrow and pain and unsurrating are forged; Radioled side, she waighth for the day; Strange flowers up. Vien skies she heydeth not.

Select Storn.

LUMLEY'S PARDNER.

him from the States, for nobody here ever call-ed him anything clse her "Lamley's Parcher." We miners have a fal......ir knack of rechrist-

We miners have a fall-most knack of rechristcaing, and a name once altered slicks to a man
as long as he sticks to the mines; so, even after Lunley had thrown up his claim and left
the diggings, a good three years ago, Lumley's
Pardner still remained, a finger-post to trace
the distance back. After all, John Jones, or
Lumley's Pardner, what mattered it, in that
doubtful tide of immigration setting in toward
the wild regions, where the first confidential
question, after intimacy seemed to warrant the
liberty, was invariably, "Say, courade, what
was your name before you came here?"
You see, I knew Lumley's Pardner when he
first came into the mines. I was up at Wood's
Diggings, at the time he and a party of two or
three or more came round prospecting. I remember, I thought what a fine stalwart young
fellow he was, straight as a pine tree, and no
foolishness about him either, for he had been
roughing it a year or two down on the Texas
border. I never saw the boys more downright
a claim and went in with us. He was not a
man to talk much about himself, nor one you
would feel free to question; but there was honest, square-dealing looking out of-base clear gray
eyes, for all the trouble and unrest laid up behind them.

Lamley was as different as a man could be,
in a helpless, beseeching way, that was pitful
to sec.
It was only the ghost of Lumley's Pardner
that get up from it; but the two men were altwas only the ghost of Lumley's Pardner
that get up from it; but the two men were altwas nigher together, after that.
When Lumley got back to the claim, and
Lumley's Pardner was just able to crawl about,
they came into a wonderful streak of luck.
Lumley strack a big pocket, and there that,
the lumley of blanks to every prize.

It does not always win; there are
plenty of blanks to every prize.

It does not always win; there are
plenty of blanks to every prize.

It does not always win; there are
plenty of blanks to every prize.

It does not always win; there are
plenty of blanks to every prize.

It does not alwa

women to take too much für granted. They like to be well fortified; and then you are are as a strong, livewe loans. The treme in his work of the control of

Well, for a time, finings went on in the old way. Then Lumley's Pardner came down with mountain-fever, and Lumley nursed him all through it. He was as tender as a woman, was doing as he sticks to the mines; so, even after Lumley had thrown up his claim and left of the control of the control

trembled all over like a leaf when it was put into his hand, took it into his cabin, and shut the door. Within the next half hour he came

correct it was, had precious bad faste when she looked the other way." and he ran his eye admiringly over the ather's splendid proportions, and manly, handsome face.

"She never refused me" broke in Lumley's Pardner, in a low, smothered tone, his eyes still fastened intently on the picture. "I—never asked her; but she knew my mind, and I thought I knew hers. I was sure she would wait for me until I came back. It was for her I went away."

"But you wrote to her!" spection ed Lumley, with a genuine interest.

"Not a word—my a line, I am a poor scribe. But she knew me well enough to meed no wridten assistance of my intentions. Every day would be lived for her. There could be no doubt of that in here mind."

Lumley made a hasty gesture of dissent. "And there, old man, was precisely wheire you failed to connect! It don't do, you know, for

- And lo! he comes! the fairy prince.
 The heir of richer, softer strands:
 A Summer guest of sterner climes.
 He moves across the vasual lands.
- And lo! he comes! the airy prince.
 The joyous, sweet south western levereHe bounds across the dreaming labe.
 And bends to kins the startled trees.
 Till all the woodland wakes to life.
 The pheasant chirps, the chipmanks cry
 And scattered fakes of golden light
 Athwart the dark wood spaces dy.

Ah! but a moment and away! The fair, false prince has kissed and flest; No more the wood shall feel his touch. No more shall know his joyous tread.

THE RARE 1804 DOLLAR

The Barrel 1804 Dollar.

A Disagreement Among Cola Collectors at 1812 Authorsticity—There Interesting Stories as to the Alleged Caunterfeiting of the Cola an Article on old American coins has given rise to a considerable discussion among coin collectors, and is the cause of some bickerings and heart-burnings that may in the near future break out into verbal violence or possibly legal complication. The intimation that there are numerons counterfeits of the silver dollar of 1804, and also many that have been cleverly altered from other dates, was received by many holders of supposed rare coins with anything but approval. On Monday a gentleman called at the Press office and produced adollar of 1804, presenting (to the unpracticed eye) every appearance of being genuine. He did not say how or where he obtained it, but intimated he wanted its genuineness tested. He was was directed to call upon J. Colvin Randall, of 1805. Chestnut Street, the well-known expert in American coinage, and did so. Mr. Randall decided in a glance that a coin was a genuine dollar, but that it was not of the mintage of 1804. The honght that its proper date was 1800, and that the "4" has been dextrously set in. He pointed out that in the genuine 1804, the star on the right of the word "Liberty" is set within a hair's breadth of the final letter, while in the dollars of other years the space was nearly the breadth of a letter. This is one of the peculiarities of the genuine dollar, and was due to a mistake of the die engraver. It is, perhape, fortunate that be mistake occurred, since it absolutely fixes the genuineness of the few specinens known to exist.

180 ANOTHER LEGEND.

180 Year C. Michels, a Russian, but a resident of this centre of the peculiar to at the star on the right of the genuine collar, and was due to a mistake of the die engraver. It is, perhape, fortunate that be mistake occurred, since it absolutely fixes the genuineness of the few specinens known to exist.

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control which we not a said of thereic and the said of thereic and the said of the said of

QUEEN VICTORIA, who is a good match-maker, is said to be interesting herself in the future domestic establishment of her grandson, the Prince of Wales' sidest son. The girl selected to be the future Queen of England, if she and her husband live long enough, is Princess Clementine, of Saxe-Cobourg, daughter of the King of the Belgians, and hiere of the unfortunate Carlotta, widow of Maximilian of Mexico. She

EVERY smoker should try "Little Joker."

The oldest grave in the Frankfort-on-the-Main Jewish cemetery dates back to 1272.

DE LOR OB DE LORD. In dis wo'ful worl' can't I do as I please? Guess not, Brudder, guess not. Can't I set right down an' fake my case. Wid all I can beg an' borrer an' selze. My head on my han's, nor han's on my knesse not, Brudder, guess not.

Won't some rich 'lation take pity on me | Guess not, Brudder, guess not, Can't I prunch de roost where de fat heurs he An' do it so siy dat mobody il see An' den git off wid no dog after me! Guess not, Brudder, guess not.

Don' you tink that the hazy man git free de gate. Guess not, Brudder, guess not. Ef he don't hurry up will he be too late! An den won't he hev, in amodder state. A second perbation, an' come out at lass des' a good as though he had trabbled fass! Guess not, Brudder, guess not.

Ef I don't want de debidl to sevatch on my grave. Go on, Brudder, go on. An 'boller, "Cun up bere, you old jack a knave, I've waited an waited for you, honey dear! Git up outer day, an 'earn along here! Go on, Brudder, go on.

The got a little corner close by de fire—
If you ain't warm ensift, you can hitch up nigher—
tion on Brudder, go on.
An Fasy, "Misser Debbit, I min't your sen:
You is werry kin to dig, but you've dug de wron;
Go on, Brudder, go on.

I trues in de Lord, an' he's lookin' for me ; food-by, Misser Hebbil —do you a pose dat he Will erpologie, and let me go free Jess so, Brudder, jess so; Let from dels narger compe can I it; Up to Jerusalem in de sky! Jess so, Brudder, jess so. Well' den, I guess I won't do as I pleaser.
An' I won't rea' my han's fao much on my knewAs nigh as I possible can, I i do right.
So I won't be atraid ob de Lord's daylight.
Jess so, Brudder, jess so.

BURR'S DEATH BED. The Old House in Port Richmond Where Burr Died-His Personal Characteries-Taking a Cast After Death-Affecting Inci-dent.

Taking a Case After Death—Affecting Jucident.

A few paces back from the Staten Island ferry landing, at Port Richmond, there stands an old-time, quaintly-pilastered two-story frame building, now a hotel. It is the house in which Aaron Burr passed the last days of life.

The place was considered oid when Burr resided there, over forty-six years ago. It was then kept as a country boarding house by a comple named Edgerton, both now dead. The front apartment on the second story is the room in which Burr died. It is now used as it he hotel parlor. It overlooks a few buildings of comparatively recent date, the sparkling waters of the Kills, and the busy, shipping througed wharves of the oil monopolies on the opposite New Jersey shore. It is about eighteen feet square. The furniture and embellishments have been changed, but the spot is shown where once shood the chintz-entrained statlely four poster in which the distinguished misanthropse passed away, with his old love letters, loses and in packages, scattered around him—records of past intrigues and triumphs, in which, perhaps, few other men would have found satisfaction at such a time. A profile steel engraving of Burr, doubtless cut out of a biography, hangs simply framed under the chimney shelf, to which there was attached, until recently, the following inscription:

AARON BURE.

Died in this reconds.

sepulchre of a here who is in name a loon, and much mure so in reality, Ponce de Leon."

Annother legend, that of the dangeon of the old fort, is perhaps worth telling. In 1565, Menendez, who is remembered as a tyrant, became the Adelantado or Governor of Florida. Don Manuel de Calvedos, grand master of a holy order in Spain, loved linez de Casiro, one of the most beautiful of the ladies of the court of Philip II. of Spain. He secretly married her, though the act was in violation of his vows. He was condemned, but the Queen interested herself in the case, and the pair were made happy by being quietly exiled to Florida. As soon as his lady love arrived, Menendes determined to possess her, and offered to desert his wife. Inex indignantly refused his solicitations, and he confined her in a dangeon of the fort, hoping to subdue her. Time and again he went to her dangeon, but at last in the chapel casemate, which is still there in the old fort, she finally refused and defied him. The fair luex was now cast into the deepest dungeon, a gloony place as old

The De Kalb Statue.

The model prepared by Mr. Ephraim Keyser, the Baltimore sculptor, for the proposed monument to Baron De Kalb, which arrived in this city from Rome on Tuesday, has been forwarded to the Secretary of State. Keyser's sketch is a most life-like and spirited production, representing the valorous leader of the Maryland and Delaware troops at the head of his column animating and inspiring his gallant soldiers. The figure is instinct with life and viger. Keyser's design provides for a heroic statute of De Kalb in bronze, about ten feet in height, the pedestal, of granite, being fifteen feet high, and giving a monumental height of twenty-five feet. This, when placed on a proper elevation, will present a striking and imposing appearance. The design has met the thorough approval of many prominent Annapolitans, who are interesting themselves to have it placed in their midst. "Titania," a bronze, by the same artist, arrived with the model, and is now on exhibition at Myers & Hedian's. The fairy queen is represented driving her team of squirrels full-tit to the tryst with Bottom. Her feet are braced with true coachman courage on the dasher of her car, which consists of a gracefully curved arm leaf. "Puck," as groom, is poised on the end of the leaf, arms folded and legs cocked up, a saucy look upon his face. The wheels of the car—sunflowers—are rolling over ucanthus leaves. The composition has received very flattering criticisms in Rome at the handsof native and foreign critics.—Baltimore American.

—almost the only pathetic thing in connection with it—occurred, which has always lingered in my memory. I was still in charge of the remains, when among those who came down from New York on the early boat that morning I remarked a closely-veiled hady in black, accompanied by a beautiful little girl of twelve or fourteen. They seemed to have come unaccompanied, and they lung back timidly while the other visitors were passing into the room for a parting look at the remains. Presently, however, when she could do so unobserved, the lady ventured to ask me if she could enter. Of course there was no objection. When she and her young companion beheld the dead old man, mo one else being present but myself, they both fell to weeping and solbing unrestrainedly, the girl in a child's way, and the woman passionately, as though her heart would break. The latter, having traised her veil while giving way to her emetion, showed the features of a still beautiful woman, as yet on the right side of forty. I judged. After they had somewhat composed themselves, and while passing out, I heard the little girl say. We shall never see poor papa any more, shall we, mamma? 'Hosh, hush, my child.' was the woman's only response, in a sort of agony, as they hurried away together. In spite of the obloquy that has been heaped upon Aaron Burr's private character, I have ever since then always thought that there must have been something good, or at least something exceptionally fascinating, in a man who could thus, even from his shroud, after a check-erred and stormy career of eighty years, command the heartfelt respect and grief of such a refused woman."

refined woman."

Once, while being driven through a Staten Once, while being driven through a Staten Island village, where a rather sorry-looking squad of rastic utilitia was attempting some evolutions, he exclaimed aloud, with snapping eyes, and much acerbity of tone, as though addressing some one at his side, although he was alone in the coach: "Why, one might fancy those yokels as having just raveled off from the fag end of one of Washington's pet brigades! I tell you that man's entire fame is a colossal fiction! He was never a great soldier, sir, never! Either Lee or Gates was infinitely his superior, and I ought to know it,"—New York Sau.

William Franch and the property of the company of t

WHOLE NUMBER, 1,350. Since our arrival at Los Angeles, we had been

[The body of John Howard Payne, anthor of "Home, Sweet Home," was brought from Tunis and re-baried in Geogretown, March 5t through the liberality of W. W. Corrottan, of Washington.] At last—the long neglected one? At last the land that gave him birth Enfolds him in her rube of earth. His ocean journey done.

THE SECOND BURIAL OF PAYNE.

BY FAY BEMPSTEAD.

At last the senseless dust is drawn. Long lain beneath Tunisian sauds. From crypts in those far alien lands. That early meet the dawn.

And here we lay the sacred frame. And mark the spot where rests the head Of him who, dying, is not dead, While rings the trump of Fame.

The brain that framed the lay is naught. The voice that spake is heard no more: Yet myriad throats and voices pour. The simple song they taught.

And Music, trembling o'er the strings Puts forth her fullest flood of sound. Till-souls to raptured heights unwoon Rise for from entfuly things. And upward float, in vague desire To feel and reach a higher height. Where, streaming inward, springs A bunch of Heavenly fire.

He had his more than happy time. This poet. Sarely he who sings A song whose homely endence ring. In anytry apiere and clime.

Is great—yea, greater for than he Who wastes a land with sword and war. And scatters wild alarms after. With wee by land and war.

Or that one, perched above the throng To shape a mighty nation's fare. A part of all the hollow state Where pomp and show belong. They fall, and Memory, moving on, Makes no long half above their name Like leaves that fly, or dying flames. They perial, and are gone.

But he, by suffering taught so much Upon the chords a finger laid. And every heart responsive made An answer to his touch.

Till each had made the lay his own And of the thought became a part For what is grown about the heart Outlives the graven stone.

And down the ages, sounding long. Shall troubled hearts from serrow rise. And sing, with binrred and misty eyes. The sweetness of his song.

THE OLD CALIFORNIA MISSIONS. No. I .- Los Angeles.

Since our arrivar as Los Angeres, we may seen fairly surfeited with climate and eranges, the two great attractions of Southern California. To be sure, we had not, according to the Angelenos, seen this climate in its highest state of perfection; for, as every traveller in this delightful State knows, they have more "muss-

perfection; for, as every traveller in this delightful State knows, they have more "muser at" weather than anywhere else on the face of the globe. Is it forgy, chilly, and bleak, with the wind scurrying around the corners, the inhabitants assure you that it is a most unusual day. Is it so oppressively warm, that you sigh for the breezes that yesterday you anathematized, again you are answered that it is nost unusual to have such weather in March. In fact, it is a rarity to find any Californian willing to acknowledge that anything in his State-especially the climate, is short of perfection. And when you point out the fact, with the most damaging proofs, he calmly remarks, "O, well, this is very unusual."

We have fairly reveiled in oranges. Our first visit to an orange grove was to Wolfskills, just out of Los Angeles, where there are one hundred and twenty acres covered with orange trees, their strong, clean branches bearing a burden of thousands of golden orbs, and showing among the green leaves any quantity of dainty, white buds, and a few opened bissoms, enough to attract the bees, and fill the air with their honey-sweet fragrance. The long rows of trees extending as far as the eye can see, and the glowing sun above, give a depth of light and shade like the heart of a price forest on a summer day.

Hat what fun it was to us poor Northerners,

and shade like the heart of a pine forest on a summer day.

But what fun it was to us poor Northerners, who had only eaten "store oranges," to accept the invitation of the manager to "help your selves." How we did pluck and eat, irrespective of number, taking two or three deep drinks of the delicious juice, and then throwing the exhausted fruit away, perform the same operation on another and another.

tion on another and another.

After tarrying long in the orange groves, gazing with astonishment at the cartus hedge, walking through Senora town, the original Pueblo of Los Angeles, but now inhabited only by Mexicans and Chinese, and enjoying various sorts of very musual weather, we began to sigh for new scenes to explore. So the chaperone, who is a realows authorizing, amounted that for new scenes to explore. So the enaperone, who is a zealous antiquarian, amounted that our next visit would be to the old Mission church, the curious old editics dedicated to "La Reyan de Las Jugeles."

Situated in the midst of the low, dingy adobe